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Our New Citizenship

By Blanche Read-Johnston



OUR NEW CITIZENSHIP

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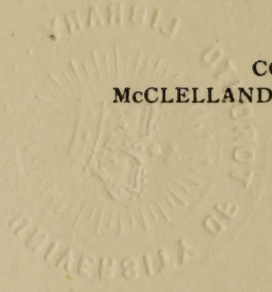
*Author of "John Read," "One of Three Great Things,"
"Manhood-Soldierhood," etc.*

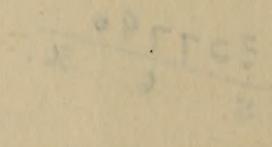
"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM"

*"A British Subject I was born,
A British Subject I will die."*

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OUR NEW CITIZENSHIP

At such a time as this, when conditions are so changed through the upheaval caused by War, and when men and women have proved themselves so adaptable and self-sacrificing, there is a call for a new Citizenship and a necessity for education in its duties and demands.

It is with a feeling of great satisfaction that I find the booklet "Our New Citizenship" by such a woman as Mrs. Blanche Read-Johnston is to be placed before the public. With years of practical experience in constructive work for the building of true Citizenship; having those feelings of sympathy and loving-kindness which are the best impulses to action, she shows how the Citizen should face life and life's experiences in a spirit of services and sacrifice, with a mind ready to weigh issues and see them in their true relations.

We are fortunate in having such a leader, to whom we can turn for guidance, and one who has contributed so largely to the advancement of the communities all over the Dominion, amongst whom she has worked, and where she is so lovingly remembered.

I am glad to hear that a larger book on her life work is in preparation, written by Blanche Read-Johnston in collaboration with Kathleen Desmond (Mary Morgan Dean).

We commend the book to the People of Canada, and hope for its wide circulation through the various organizations.

CONSTANCE E. HAMILTON.

FOREWORD

I am fully cognizant of the fact that, in the following pages, I have barely touched the fringe of a vital and important subject.

The days are full of strenuous, though willing service to Home and Empire.

Many claims of patriotism press heavily upon heart and brain.

If I have simply suggested to other busy patriots thoughts or themes to be worked out according to individual need and understanding, I shall be fully repaid for the effort involved.

BLANCHE READ-JOHNSTON.

December, 1917.

I.

ANTE BELLUM CITIZENSHIP

DURING one period of the world's history the proudest boast of any man was "Civis Romanus Sum" ("I am a Roman citizen"). To-day it can be said, without hesitation, that the proudest boast anyone can make is, "I am a citizen of the British Empire." In a moment of peril when St. Paul was mistaken for a seditious Egyptian, in order to put himself right with the officer who arrested him, he cried out, "I am a Jew, of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city." There is a touch of natural pride in the words, "A citizen of no mean city." The Apostle, absorbed as he was in the work of preaching a Gospel which recognized no distinction of ROMAN or HEBREW or GREEK or BARBARIAN, was yet proud that he sprang from a city of such fame as Tarsus, for the city was a great centre both of commerce and of education. It was the seat of a famous university. This educational and literary distinction and this commerce were doubtless in the apostle's mind when he cried: "I am a citizen of no mean city."

To-day we boast of British Liberty. PROUDLY do we sing "Britons Never Shall be Slaves." But in 1215 when King John signed that important document, the Magna Charta—the foundation of all British Law and Liberty—half of England's population of two mil-

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lions were slaves, or vassals. For centuries the work of emancipation has been going forward and its climax will be achieved in the great world-war—the mighty conflict between autocracy and democracy.

On a fateful night in the summer of 1914, four Statesmen sat in the Chambers of the Chief Executive of the greatest Empire this world has seen. At No. 10 Downing Street, London, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey waited. For what great crisis were the four front-rank British Leaders in conclave? An ultimatum of tremendous portent had gone forth and the answer delayed its arrival. The hours slowly passed. Eight o'clock chimed from distant Big Ben, nine o'clock, ten o'clock rang out upon the evening air, eleven o'clock. "It looks like war," remarked Mr. Churchill. Twelve o'clock clanged forth. "It is war," said Mr. Lloyd George. "It is humanity's war," echoed Mr. Asquith.

In the momentous days that have passed, hourly has Mr. Asquith's pertinent statement been verified. The sons of the Empire have rallied in hundreds of thousands to the standard raised against military despotism—and the call of desolated Belgium.

We cannot measure the unspeakable woe of the piteous crowds driven before the horror of that tidal wave of destruction—the tragic procession of homeless, hungry, aged, weak and helpless childhood and womanhood, fleeing before the unimaginable terrors of Hun frightfulness. They starved in woods, cowered in cellars, languished in prisons, left their dying by the wayside. I cannot describe these tragedies—they strike too

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deeply at the roots of one's heart for words or even tears. British relief was found in action as soon as might be; in her condition of unpreparedness she plunged into the vortex of human agony to bring equity and justice in the world and for the smaller peoples. Treasures of wealth have been poured out in hundreds of millions of pounds. In this stupendous work of human redemption, mothers have sent their sons as did the brave Spartan mothers of old; wives, their husbands; sweethearts, their lovers; and Canadian boys have reached heights of heroism and courage of which we never dreamed our happy, joyous, care-free young people capable, rising to the best traditions of our noble ancestry who fought for all the privileges and freedom we now enjoy.

As we have read the annals of history in ante bellum days we have been stirred and inspired. We have been filled with wonder over the records of patriotic valour and the deeds of sacrifice of the past. Patriotism seemed almost a religion—certainly it was the adoration, the worship of an idea which seemed effete.

But when the war-drum sounded, when liberty was jeopardized, when the weak were oppressed and British honor threatened, then the latent fire burst forth upon the heart-altars of British men and British women. The true loyal mother—oftentimes with breaking heart—bade her laddie go forth even to face the supreme sacrifice. The indestructible, undying spirit within nerved her to exclaim: "Go, I would not have you fail in the hour of your country's need, even if the sun sets in my own life. The heroism, courage and loyalty of my boy

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will be even as the evening star guiding me home—'till the morning breaks and the shadows flee away.' "

The patriotic spirit manifested itself in some very remarkable and touching ways. A notable example was that of Sir William Ramsay, who made a most unselfish and patriotic offer:—

"I am too old to be of use in the firing line, but as an emeritus professor of chemistry I am willing to give my services gratis in any capacity as a chemist if my so doing will release anyone fit to defend his country."

Sir Wm. Ramsay has already backed up his offer by action. The Provost of the University of London having informed him that his successor (Sir Wm. Ramsay retired last March) was last heard of in Stettin and is probably interned by the Germans, Sir William will hold the professorial chair for him to take up his labors. If he returns, Sir William is then "immediately ready to take up any chemical work whatever that will release a young fellow for enlisting." "I do not care what it is," said Sir William, "mixing prescriptions behind a counter—bottle-washing if you like; it is every man for his country and all hands to the wheel."

II.

NATIONAL CITIZENSHIP.

The whole national aspect of citizenship has changed since ante bellum days—it has taken on a new meaning since August 1, 1914. I was in Montreal on July 31st when the news came of the desolation of Belgium and the invasion of France—the streets rang with the Marseillaise and the French soldiers in Montreal flocked at once to their colors. I went to Toronto, Monday, August 1st. In a friend's car that evening I drove into the surging crowds that thronged the newspaper offices. They were watching the Bulletin Boards for Germany's reply to Britain's ultimatum. They awaited the answer to "the scrap of paper" incident. In less than 24 hours the clarion call to patriotism and duty sounded through the Empire and men were rallying round the flag that is "red with the blood of heroes, blue with the blueness of the sea, and white as the stainless soul of Justice. It is the flag of the brave; it is the flag of the free." And our own splendid Canadian Army of over 30,000 in a few short weeks had landed in Europe to fight and win—many never to return.

Our view of Citizenship was revolutionized. The nation-builders who were working together before August, 1914, in the up-building of an empire "vaster than has been," were doing so without any accompaniment or thought of "the glory of war." They devoted their energies to the expansion of commerce; they en-

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larged their personal possessions; they sought to achieve personal ambitions; in all this, at times they rose to high altitudes of personal achievement, and to the realization of certain lofty ideals.

The "Dogs of War" were suddenly unleashed—in less than two years the whole purpose of this great Empire swerved from personal to national accomplishment. The true Briton no longer cares primarily for his own gains, but for the greater gain of the Empire. No longer is his ambition focussed upon the individual attainment; but upon the greater struggle for the ideals of liberty and righteousness. No longer are the sacrifices of life for the building up of individual reputations, pleasures and power, but for the ultimate consummation of the triumph and victory that shall mean real world peace, prosperity and protection for the lesser as well as greater nations.

Now, the vital interest of every loyal citizen is to win the war—Where will our boasted freedom and civilization be if we lose the battle? I have no new suggestions to volunteer for this great achievement. I can only reiterate those suggestions made by others. Let us banish profiteering and graft in every form. The blood-stain of a nation's heart is upon the grafter's gold. Let us conscript wealth and all material resources as well as our splendid manhood. One thing is certain—the work must be done—the world must be made safe against the dominance of a military authority, and multitudes feel sorry that for them the offering cannot be something more than dollars. The cause is so noble that it seems unworthy to offer less than one's best. We

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must not permit our 30,000 Canadian lives to be given in vain.

IS ANY PRICE TOO GREAT TO PAY to redeem the promise made our noble volunteer army at the beginning of the war? That was a pledge to the last dollar and to the last man. Is it too great a price to put away party affiliations? Is it too great a price to subserve racial differences? Is it too great a price to pay to put away the liquor traffic with its economic, moral and spiritual wastage? Your men and mine are stretching forth eager hands from overseas, from the hospital, from the trenches, from the under sea, the high sea, from the upper air. They are already suffering from the results of St. Julien, Vimy Ridge, Ypres and the various fields where they have so bravely distinguished themselves. Our boys have sacrificed everything—career, health, home, loved ones. We are pledged to support them. We have no time nor inclination for racial strife or partizan interests. One thing we want, and that is a united Dominion, consecrated to the great purpose of a speedy and glorious triumph for liberty.

WHAT PRICE CAN YOU AFFORD TO PAY FOR ALL THE GLORIES OF BRITISH FREEDOM IN OUR BEAUTIFUL CANADA? WE MUST NOT BETRAY THE TRUST OF OUR DEAD HEROES OR DESERT OUR FIGHTING ONES. THE WOMANHOOD OF CANADA HAVE UNITED TOGETHER FOR THE PURPOSE OF WINNING THE WAR—HAVE SACRIFICED AND TOILED—GIVING THEIR

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BEST IN THE LIVES OF THEIR BELOVED
MANHOOD, IN PERSONAL SACRIFICE AND
MATERIAL GIFTS. WE ARE PLEDGED TO
WIN THE WAR!

III.

DEMOCRATIC CITIZENSHIP.

We Canadians are a democratic people, governed by the people, for the people (though until lately one-half have had no voice in the government). We are still allowed our personal opinions. If we turn back the pages of history three years, we shall see that a great change has come over our ideas of what constitutes democracy.

We thought at that time we should eat what we liked, and as much of it as we chose. It was quite our own affair. We thought our friends should write us what they wished to say—without any interference. We boasted of the freedom of our press—bought by the life-blood of some of our ancestors. When the war knell sounded in 1914, we gloried in our splendid volunteer army of 30,000 men, which in a few short months was found in the theatre of the conflict.

How changed is the scene! To-day we have a conscription law. We have "food control" to regulate what we may eat. Even the letters from our beloved heroes in the battle zone must pass under the rigid eye of the censor.

Our newspapers must be careful what they print or they lay themselves open to confiscation and suppression.

Why this change? Is this democracy? Is this our boasted British Liberty? No—this is war—as Mr.

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Asquith said upon that tragic First of August in Downing Street—"This is humanity's war."

All these restrictions are emergency war measures. For the great freedom of a true democracy in which we hope all the people of the earth shall share, we are sacrificing the lesser forms of liberty. The Federal franchise bill for women is an emergency measure. While not upon all the Dominion women is placed the responsibility of the federal franchise, an army of twelve hundred thousand are thus brought in to the governing class.

Now that this emergency legislation has become the law of the land—like conscription, press restriction, food conservation, censorship of mail, it does seem, that, if we are loyal to the great cause of "winning the war," we should accept it no matter what our personal views may be regarding its justice.

By and by the bells of victory will ring; glad day! then the restrictions will be removed from our diet, our letters, our press. We have the promise that then—or earlier—a full federal franchise "as a long delayed justice" will be granted to all the women. And so our training in the real meanings of democratic citizenship still goes forward.

As one writer has said:—

"We Canadians, who have had no experience of life without liberty—can scarcely realize what would be the consequences if we were deprived of it. Liberty with us is as common as the bright sunshine and the prairie breeze."

Democracy is not a form of government; it is an

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idea, a world idea. Democracy is not an institution of politics, neither an organization of the state, nor a formulated theory of the church; it touches all these things, but it is more than all combined. Democracy is not a thing at all; it is a spirit, a regnant spirit of moral freedom, demanding for all free-minded people the inalienable right to govern themselves; it is an attitude of mind, granting equality of opportunity to all people who desire to be free to serve within the democratic circle of the world's social order; it is a temper of the human spirit, supremely desiring for one's self only what one honestly helps to secure for all the rest; it is a conscience of the socialized mind of the world, making unselfish service to others the measure of one's own greatness, enthroning responsibility for doing as the supreme authority over every opportunity to do, and consecrating all who have to the loving and sacrificial service of all who Need.

Democracy, in the mind and heart and conscience of the world, makes possible, and in the end must and will make real, the government of all the people, by all the people, and for all the people.

Two simple pictures occur to me as illustrative of democracy and autocracy:—

It was the custom of the men in training in a Canadian western city to march every morning past a house where a tiny girl unfailingly stood at the gate and gaily waved her handkerchief at them. No day was too cold or too rainy for her, and soon the men in uniform began to watch for her and to turn "eyes left" as soon as they reached her part of the street, and they marched

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past to her "review" with extra firmness and vigor of step. Needless to say, the "soldier mans" became a part of the baby's little life, and one day a tangible evidence of her place in theirs came for her in the form of a big blue-eyed doll.

But this was not all. Little Miss Baby was to be carried off to California for the coldest winter weeks. One day there was a trip to the railway station, where the train was waiting to carry her south. And there on the platform stood 500 stalwart soldiers, lined up to see her off. With their cheers ringing in her ears and her beautiful doll clasped in her arms the proudest little lady in Canada was whirled away to California. That was one of the fruits that grew upon the tree of Democratic Life.

The other picture:

A desolated corner of the garden where once fair and beautiful flowers bloomed. Nothing but scarred trees and smoky embers are now left to show the spot of a one-time happy home. Crouching beside a broken wall is a poor weeping woman—a little child trying with one tiny hand to wipe away the tears. The mother still weeps on—the mere baby looking at the little stump of a wrist roughly bound up with old cloths, wistfully pleads in Flemish tongue, "Don't cry, Mama, don't cry. Won't hands grow again?" This is one of the bitter fruits of autocracy in its final conclusion!

IV.

DOMESTIC OR SOCIAL CITIZENSHIP.

The domestic or social aspect would naturally lead us to a consideration of post bellum conditions. When the bells of final victory ring their triumphant song throughout the earth; when to every Dominion "the boys come home," when the great readjustments begin and the stress and pressure upon the individual and national heart is removed; when normal conditions begin to prevail—what then?

A tremendous reaction will take place. The pendulum will vibrate to some great extreme of purpose and emotion. In what direction will it swing?

Of course any view expressed at this time is largely speculative and visionary, and yet from certain premises one may deduce certain possibilities, or at least probabilities. There has never been a war under precisely similar conditions.

We read that after the revolutions caused by the wars of Cromwell and his Ironsides "that no period in the national history presents such a spectacle of humiliation and vice as was then made to appear." And Macaulay says: "The rage of faction succeeded to the love of liberty. Loyalty degenerated into servility. The moral and intellectual littleness of the so-called Statesmen is painfully apparent. The perfidy and baseness which the party leaders constantly practised, which their followers defended, and which the great body of

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the people approved—would be incredible but for the undoubted authenticity of the records.

“Then came those days never to be recalled without a blush—the days of servitude without loyalty and of sensuality without love; of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot and the slave. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the affairs of state. The Government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute.

“The principles of liberty were the scorn of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean.

“In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch, and England propitiated these cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.”

There will, of course, be a period of national reconstruction—economic, social, domestic, religious. We in the Homeland must prepare for the upturning in our routine of life which will inevitably follow the ending of the war. Emigration forces are developing plans for action; commercial leaders are likewise preparing for eventualities. By putting away the drink traffic, legislators are taking most opportune preparatory measures.

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I want to make a special plea for the home life of our land. When the awful pressure and tension is removed there will prevail a spirit of buoyancy and relief which must have an outlet. This fact must be taken into cognizance in our plan of work. We hope the strong drink will be banished permanently, and with it its associate debauchery. We must replace the former attraction of the saloon with places of entertainment and uplift, and herein is one great opening and opportunity to help mould and make the new Canada.

A few days ago a returned Chaplain was asked what in his judgment was most important in our national life. He said: "The home. There is nothing which has done so much to make our men strong to resist temptation as the memory of father, mother, sister, wife and sweetheart. The Anglo-Saxon people will continue to march to the mastery of the world if they preserve the purity and piety of the home."

And a personal friend in Y.M.C.A. work in the trenches wrote me this week:—

"The great cementer here is sympathy and fellowship. This place is full of lonely men. The central thought is home and what it means. The sweet pictures fancy weaves of home is keeping thousands of men straight to-day."

I am always talking to our women about keeping the home fires burning—about making the home attractive. I know this is specifically woman's part, but how little can woman do to make an ideal home without the co-operation of man!

Our boys have been fighting and dying for the

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protection and perpetuation of our homes. It never meant to them so much as now. They often long for its sheltering precincts! In the horror and discomfort of their present life they feel the old song true:

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

Let our Statesmen legislate and provide good laws and prepare for new populations and our commercial leaders safeguard our financial interests. We all must keep step in the march of progress and remember that it is not law and commerce, military prowess, great names, standing armies, and new peoples that constitute the strength and power of an Empire, but the pure home life, the happy social life, where the ideals of truth and righteousness are exemplified in all that makes life abundant, victorious, satisfactory, happy and free from fear.

V.

ETHICAL CITIZENSHIP—MEN.

The fine old Statesman, Mr. Gladstone, on one occasion said: "Talk about the questions of the day, there is only ONE question, that is the Gospel."

This Gospel, the Fatherhood, the love of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

And when a mighty Prince from India was received in audience by the good Queen he asked, "Madam, tell me the secret of British greatness." Lifting a book from a table beside her, Her Majesty replied "Following the precepts of this good Book."

As Prof. Geo. Herron said: "There are many of us who have widely different ideals of social method and organization, but who are all reaching for the same goal; that is, we all want brotherhood, equality of opportunity, and the justice of love for all men."

I want to tell you a little incident: Tommy was listening to an address in Hyde Park, London. Presently he turned to his comrade-Tommy, and said, "Eh, mate, that's all very well in Hyde Park. Ye can say there is no God when ye are in London, but ye believes in God, ye do, when you are in the trenches."

Your boy is coming home—it cost you something to let him go—you sent him off with pride and fear—you, his mother, and his wife—at least I hope he is coming home. I hope it was not of your laddie I read somewhere recently:—

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"It is evening. The fever has been sapping the lad's strength. Delirious most of the time he tosses to and fro.

"But a message soothes him and the light of a happy faith shines in his eyes. From text to text they go, he and the 'Y' Secretary, and then:

" 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me. Yea, through the valley of death, I shall fear no evil for Thou art with me.'

"The lad's voice, weak but unfaltering, repeated the words, conscious of that Shadow that even then lay across his path. Then the mind, loosening its hold, wandered off in delirium again.

"Later that night a beautiful spray of carnations came in from a young lieutenant. Conscious again, the boy in gratitude, picked out one for the nurse and one for his friend, the 'Y' man.

"And unopened letter lay upon his pillow. But by now he was unable to see the written characters. There was a message to the boy 'with love and kisses from Mother and Nellie.'

"Again the lad's brain groped its way back to consciousness, and he was told of the ending of the letter— 'Your mother and sister send love and kisses.'

"He smiled, and early next morning he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow, fearing no evil.

"And the 'Y' man was sorrowing, but in deep thankfulness for the consecrated minutes they two had passed together in the last days of the dying soldier, following him to his grave."

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Perhaps to you the most sacred spot in the world is **one in Flanders** marked by a little white cross.

All the world knows Harry Lauder with his mission of cheer to the public. His life was wrapped around his son. He sent him to France. He gave his life for liberty. When Mr. Lauder was sympathized with by a friend he said, "An experience like mine has one of three effects upon a man: It either drives him to atheism to eat out his heart, to drink to ruin his life, or to God. My sorrow has driven me to God." He went to France, knelt by that son's grave; indeed he lay upon the grave and clutched it, the while his body shook with the grief he felt. When the storm had spent itself he rose and prayed, "O God, that I could have one request. It would be that I might embrace my laddie just this once and thank him for what he has done for his country and for humanity." That was all—not a word of bitterness or complaint.

But I hope *your* boy is coming home. There is much said of proper employment and adequate pensions. Too much cannot be done to give our brave men a new start in the land they have protected, but as a woman I appeal for the idealistic citizenship—the moral side of life—the home life—the spiritual life. What will our men find here? Will they find spiritual Hercules? Consider what the boy will have passed through—the test and strain unthinkable. He may come home shattered and broken in body, spirit and nerve. How will he find the men who have kept the home defences? He must be started in the new life according to his strength and capacity—industrially, and economically,

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much more is needed. He must come into a wholesome moral atmosphere! Canadian men can help in the new construction by setting the pace in life's highest paths. These men have felt the verities of life. They have drank deep in the cup of suffering and anguish. They have remembered Lord Kitchener's charge: "Remember that the honor of the British Army depends upon your individual conduct."

Do they not deserve from Canada's home Manhood, the best sample, Comradeship and Service?

In the new citizenship may there be that element of faith, love and moral courage that our united Canada may be strong in the "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

VI.

ETHICAL CITIZENSHIP—WOMEN.

Ideal citizenship should be founded upon the rock of Truth. Citizenship implies loyalty. We have witnessed marvellous demonstrations of loyalty and sacrifice in all nations of the Empire. I merely suggest that the quality of loyalty enters into any conception of citizenship.

First, then, the ideal woman citizen will be true to her best self. She will not, for unworthy motives, lower her standards. She will ever strive after the highest and best in life.

Second, she will be true to her associates in the various enterprises she undertakes. She will not exalt herself at the expense of her comrades' feelings or advancement.

Third, she will be true to sweet childhood. Oh, one would crave much time to consider the claims of childhood. This is the children's day.

The children and young people are entering into the broader outlook which is superseding the old individualism. They are being taught their responsibility toward the Nation and the Empire. They are understanding to a greater extent than previously, that they are an integral part of the State. They are seeing more perfectly the meaning of National Service.

All these patriotic influences should be utilized in an effort, not only to build up a strong devotion to the

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cause of National Freedom, but to inculcate the spirit of personal liberty. And this liberty first and primarily is self-mastery.

We must be on guard. The babies of to-day are the happy romping children of to-morrow. Do not relax the educational efforts. All the patriotic efforts are important, sadly, increasingly important. We must knit and sew, pack boxes, send parcels, give to the Y.M.C.A. funds, patriotic and other schemes. We must plant and sow the garden and farm. We must work ever more faithfully and self-sacrificingly at home for our brave troops abroad. But we must not neglect the little ones for whom we are responsible. They are not only the State's greatest asset, but they are the gift of divine grace, they are our Heavenly Father's best gift to our hearts and homes.

Fourth, she will be a patriot. We are learning lessons in patriotism in these war-riven days of anguish, tears, suspense and sacrifice like the young English girl who qualified herself for automobile driving. She had cut her beautiful hair quite short and had made herself a skilled mechanic in readiness for her post. She said: "My father is too old, and my brother is too young, so I am going to the front. I am going if I have to wash bottles." That is the spirit of loyal service.

There was a famous official phrase in the days of the South African War. "The men are splendid." Thus they were mentioned in the despatches. War correspondents and special writers all agree that whether in Belgium or the Valley of the Garonne, "The women are splendid."

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In France—On all sides the duties of men are being performed by women; they are tram-conductors, ticket collectors, street sweepers and harvesters. There is a new and tender comradeship between the women. All of them have dear ones away. We know what British women and Canadian women are doing. There is another kind of heroism. Whitelaw Reid once wrote, in telling of the Civil War in 1861: "These other heroes were the great, brave, patient, nameless people—the silent heroes, both men and women, who suffer probably the worst of all and whose lives are overshadowed and ruined by the calamity of war."

May God help those silent ones who, although they do not go to the Front in the great war, bear the heavier burden of sorrow and suffering. In such times of affliction all distinctions are forgotten; racial and religious differences fall away like a mask and we see only the sorrowing multitudes of the bereaved—feel only pity for the thousands of lonely widows and for the great army of little orphan children whose dear ones will return to them no more. We honor brave women who are bearing their share.

A correspondent sends us a story told by the Captain of a French cruiser, which well illustrates the important part being played by many noble women in the war. The Captain says his vessel was instrumental in saving a number of lives when a British transport was torpedoed some time ago in the Aegean Sea. On Board were thirty-six Nursing Sisters, of whom a number were drowned. When the French boats came on the scene the Nurses called out with one accord, "Fighting Men

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First." Such an instance of devotion to the flag surely deserves to live in British history.

And the crowning glory of our womanhood is the name of Edith Cavell, the noble woman who gave up her home in an English Rectory and worked for seven years in Belgium, training others in her noble profession. After the invasion of Belgium she cared for German soldiers, as well as English and Belgian, and her woman's heart being stronger than her love of personal safety she assisted some of her countrymen to return to their homeland. For this she was done to death by the military system of Germany and shot down in the dark hours of the early morning while in a fainting condition. She died a heroine and a Christian, as someone poetically said, "O Daughter of England, you have shown us HOW to die."

Testing times have passed. It may be greater testings to the grace and courage of womanhood are to come. For many women stretch out vistas of years of loneliness with only a cherished memory for solitude's companion. For others the sadness of seeing the strength of their loved manhood reduced to shattered nerves and general weakness. To many the coming of their heroes means restless and impatient men who have passed through experiences such as we here quote:—

"I spent the last hours of 1916 in an extraordinary situation," says a Captain. "The General had given permission to hold a watch-night service with his troops in a little dugout, well within gun shot of the enemy. It was a tragic place to cross, because it was the place where the Canadians met the first gas and left 7,000 on

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the field. The enemy have great microphones that hear great distances, so we went very gingerly, but about 120 fellows gathered there with their rubber coats and steel helmets, and gas masks hanging in front. They were packed like sardines, as I spoke to them of the love stronger than death. Before I finished the German guns were searching the wood, and at last they came so near that it was unsafe to go on. After the bursting of one shell had knocked a bit out of the sentry-box, we stopped the service. I stood at the door and shook hands, and wished everyone a happy New Year. Never an eye quivered and never a hand shook of the whole of them as they went out into that death-searched wood."

And Col. Currie said in speaking of our men at St. Julien:—

"They knew their duty, and never since the days of Cromwell's Ironsides have there been braver men, more religious men, better behaved or honorable men. They were clean-living, God-fearing men, and all carried their Bibles with them. We all knew that when the opportunity came they would stick to their guns, and they did. They were a credit to Canada; they represented the best in our community. They were men of good morals. If they had not been so, they would not have stood the fire they did, or marched in the face of German cannon before odds of ten to one. They were quite unassuming, gentlemanly Canadians. They have all stood in the fierce light of German guns and ranked themselves among the finest soldiers in Europe."

Says another chaplain: "A friend of mine was

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killed. His sister in Edinburgh, a beautiful girl in body and mind, dreamed three days afterwards that she went to her brother, and found him in a big mess-room with his companions. She said, 'I thought you were dead.' At which he flung back his head and replied, 'Dead, no; we are only waiting for new uniforms, we are going to parade before the King.' That, rightly understood, is the gospel of Christ in a sentence concerning immortality, 'New uniforms to go before the King.' Death has overshot itself, and familiarity has ended men's fear of it. Beyond their fatalism is a splendid character growing in the trenches. The courage of the men is beyond all speech. I think that everybody that goes up there is afraid, but not of the thing he is expected to fear. 'When I first went up I was afraid I would funk it,' some of them have said. It is the fear of fear. I have never found a man who was really afraid when it came to the point. Remember, they are not trained military men, brought up to work with gun and bayonet, but they are bankers, clerks, men of sedentary occupations, barbers, hairdressers, masons, carpenters and salesmen in drapers' shops, suddenly placed in these new extraordinary conditions."

What kind of women must Canada have to greet such men when they return?

By watchfulness and prayer women should be getting ready. All their consecrated forces will be requisite to meet the intellectual, social and religious needs of our dear men—many of them nerve-wrecked and broken in health and spirit. Let them be alert,

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watchful, initiative, and waiting in an attitude to help and lead in this work.

We are continually singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning till the Boys Come Home." May not we earnestly add, "Kindle and keep the altar fires of prayer, and pure religion alight, in readiness for their return."

How the women are to meet the conditions will be a problem to be demonstrated in each local community according as circumstances may point out. It is certain that one fact will call for recognition. We are learning that our Divine Father desires His children to be happy. A human parent understands this phase of love and provides accordingly. According to the mental and intellectual needs is the requirement, and while God's people provide for worship and Christian service they must have in view the social and intellectual needs of the people. The women must be alert and consecrated and be ready to meet the conditions which will surely come upon us.

VII.

EQUAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

I have never emphasized "Woman's Rights." I have always felt with Tennyson that "The Woman's cause is Man's" and the tremendous tasks confronting us to-day, and those which will confront us in the reconstruction period, are not such as can be solved by men or by women alone; they are problems that call for the united and best effort of both.

I have seen that all that elevates womanhood has a corresponding effect upon manhood. They rise together; they fall together. Therefore all principles and laws which raise the status of womanhood places manhood on a higher plane of thought, purpose or action. This, of course, is evidenced in the lands where man rules as an autocrat in his private and public capacity; where womanhood is happy and free, so must man be useful and strong.

I have never shared the view that equal enfranchisement would arouse antagonism between the sexes.

A woman speaker once said: "Take away women and what would follow?" "We would," came a clear assurance in a masculine voice. He probably spoke the truth.

In the story of the creation we read in Genesis I: 26-27 that "God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let *them have dominion* over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and

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over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'

"So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He *them!*" Equal in beauty, equal in authority! Fresh from the hand of the Creator. Herein is the fundamental cause of women's desire for equal enfranchisement. It is not a question of a vote or ballot simply. It lies deeper. The tendrils of its roots strike further back in history and reason.

It seems as if only in more recent decades have women, in large numbers, awakened to realize their true birthright in Christ's redemptive work, through His birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension.

The curse came through the fall of man and woman—and they always rise and fall together! Genesis III: 16. "Unto the woman He said: I will greatly multiply thy sorrow. . . . And thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," was removed through the work of the Saviour. Gal. III: 28. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

HER RE-ESTABLISHMENT.—As proof of woman's re-establishment in her first estate of equality with man we beg to submit the following briefly set forth reasons:

1. She was given the distinguished honor of becoming the mother of our Lord Jesus.

2. She became His trusted friend and associate. John XI: 5, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister."

3. Woman was entrusted with the first glorious message of the gospel of the resurrection. Matt. 28:

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"The angel bade the waiting women (Verse 7) go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead." And in Verse 10 the Saviour confirms the commission: "Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee. There shall they see me." Ambassadors of the Cross! And the resurrection.

4. Woman's ministry to humanity has been honored by divine recognition and success as typified in such examples as:—

(a) Priscilla, who was one who "improved and expanded the theology of the eloquent Apollis." Anna was a prophetess in the Temple Courts and publicly welcomed the Holy Child to its precincts and Paul mentioned a host of women associates in the work of the early Church in his last words to the Romans, Chap. XVI: 1-27 and other Scriptures.

(b) Dorcas, founder of the mission of service of clothing poor and needy, which is found in all Christian communities to-day.

(c) Florence Nightingale, the lady with the lamp, who lighted the way to the honored profession of nursing.

(d) Elizabeth Fry, bearing her message of hope and cleanliness into the prisons of the unfortunate delinquents and criminals incarcerated there.

(e) Josephine Butler, with her loving helpfulness for fallen and outcast women!

(f) Lady Huntingdon, inspiring courage to those who were oppressed for their religious convictions.

(g) Catherine Booth, peeress of preachers, fling-

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ing wide open doors on to the platform and pulpit for thousands of women.

(h) Frances Willard, reformer and organizer of women into battalions of aggressive service for humanity. And a great multitude who stand in the firing line of earnest devotion to-day fighting for liberty, truth, sobriety, and purity.

THE NEW CONDITIONS.—Why, it may be asked, is woman only waking up in the 19th and 20th centuries to a realization of the full heritage of her womanhood? The question may be answered at least partially by recalling the changed social, political and economic conditions prevailing.

In the "good old days" woman was shielded by the chivalry of man in the higher circles of Society. She became his Slave oftentimes in the lower strata.

The home was not only the centre of family life and pleasure, but of industry also. The ladies in the castle halls and their hand maidens; the serfs in their cottages, carded the wool, spun and weaved and sewed. All the garments were made IN the home. The food was grown in field and garden and the fruit in the home orchards. All was prepared, preserved, cooked and cared for in the HOME, whether castle or cabin.

If necessity demanded the woman finding other employment she went into SOME OTHER home, a domestic help, a waiting maid, a needle woman, or a governess. The mother kept her children under her own supervision. Her influence formed the child's character. She cared for the child's education.

But a change came. Modern civilization in

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pre-war days restricted woman's former opportunities within the limit of the domestic sphere. There has been a tendency to rob her of the more valuable of the productive labor which engaged her in her ancient domain. Our spinning wheels are broken. Steam-driven looms now undertake the work. Lace machines, knitting machines and sewing machines, run by electricity, now manufacture the garments.

Vegetables and fruits are preserved in great factories. On the farm, machinery minimizes woman's toil.

At an early age the little ones trip away to school, and in their youthful days rush out into life to engage in its pursuits. Woman's work in the sacred precincts of home has contracted fully three-fourths (says an authoritative writer). An economical revolution has been gradually effected. Modern machinery and science has wrought the change. Every thing once made in the home is made in factory and shop. Her work has largely found its way out of the home circle; and woman has followed it!

Womanhood woke up in a new sense! She began to feel her own need and realize her own powers. She demanded and obtained better education. She knocked at the hitherto closed doors of mercantile, professional and official life. She beat down walls of prejudice. She won her way into every line and enterprise. She found herself handicapped. She saw that greed for gold increased the evils of the liquor traffic and the oppressions of labor among her sister workers. She saw that her sisters were entrapped into ways of sin. She

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found laws unjust, inadequate. She was hampered because she had no civil or political power. She found that her power of moral suasion and personal influence, valuable and important as that force undoubtedly is, failed in working necessary reforms.

This is the primary cause of woman's demand for equal citizenship.

This is the reason, the real underlying reason of the so-called "unrest among women."

Many women who are surrounded by wealth and luxury, enjoying the adoration and indulgence of their husbands, fathers or brothers—shielded from the world's blasts, may not have heard the soul cry of the world's need. They may be indifferent, careless, or even critical. They have need of nothing. They do not understand the conditions under which many of their sisters live. They know nothing of the woman's anguish and the burden she bears from the drink traffic and the social evils or the suffering imposed by unjust economic conditions. We cannot think any true woman would be heedless if she really knew. Those who have wiped the tears of the sufferers and cared for the neglected childhood—the victims of men's greed and selfishness, have had the need and value of a ballot thrust upon them. They feel it a "divine opportunity" rightly used which would, in time, help to mitigate the undesirable conditions that have pressed heavily upon heart and brain and so make the world a cleaner, safer place for the young.

Let all who feel disposed to criticize ways and methods study into the deep heart of this whole woman's

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question and they will find in it a tidal wave of powerful forces which cannot be turned back until it sweeps into the calm waters of victory and free, full citizenship and woman enters into her first God-given heritage of "Dominion" not OVER man but WITH him over all things that a Loving Father made for His children.

VIII.

POST BELLUM CITIZENSHIP.

"O see that ye build securely,
When the time for building comes,
With square-hewn blocks of righteousness
And corner stones of faithfulness,

And girders of righted wrong,
And the blood of our martyrdoms;
And build on the one Foundation,
That should make the building sure,—
The Rock that was ere the world was made.

In the post bellum days which we hope soon to greet, all our efforts and enterprises must be conducted from the idealistic standpoint; having the golden precept of our Master Christ as our guide in service: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." This is the New Citizenship.

With this thought uppermost in our minds, every opportunity brings a corresponding burden of responsibility. The franchise is a trust charged with tremendous potentialities of service and must only be used for the uplift of humanity and for purely utilitarian purposes. In using the ballot, women must unite with the sons, brothers and husbands who are fighting the battle for human liberty; for homes and children and the equality of the weak with the stronger; on the fields of Europe and amid the perils of the sea; in the highest

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service for our Empire. For the women to become simply another political party would be a calamity indeed.

But we think that danger will be avoided, for this movement is an unselfish one. Those engaged in it have no desire for present personal gain. As one has correctly written: "Not for herself, but for the services of the whole race she works. It is this abiding consciousness of an end to be attained, reaching beyond her personal life and individual interests, which constitutes the religious element of the women's movement and binds with the common bond of an impersonal enthusiasm into one solid notion those who are struggling after the readjustment of women to life."

"Preparedness" is a slogan we often hear. Surely true patriotism would have us prepare for the future, for when this carnival of blood is over; when this, the world's fiercest struggle for human rights and liberties is achieved; when liberty crowns the heroic effort of the earth's bravest and best manhood, womanhood must be ready, equipped and waiting to share in the national, as well as the home government.

"We are of a race," says one writer, "of women that of old knew no fear, and feared no death, and lived great lives and hoped great hopes; and if to-day some of us have fallen on evil and degenerate times, there moves in us yet the throb of the old blood. We, to-day, believe we have caught sight of a land bathed in a nobler than any material sunlight, with a fruitage richer than any which the senses can grasp; and behind us, we believe there follows a longer train than any composed of

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our own race and people; the sound of the tread we hear behind us is that of all earth's women, bearing within them the entire race. The footpath, yet hardly perceptible, which we tread down to-day, will, we believe, be life's broadest and straightest road, along which the children of men will pass to a higher co-ordination of harmony."

"We are not new," writes one. "If you would understand us, go back two thousand years, and study our descent; our breed is our explanation. We are the daughters of our fathers as well as of our mothers. In our dreams we still hear the clash of the shields of our forefathers as they struck them together before battle and raised the shout of 'Freedom!' In our dreams it is with us still, and when we wake it breaks from our lips! We are the daughters of those men."

Women must be ready for co-operation with men. There must be no more coercion by them. All common ideas of sex rivalry must be set aside and men and women must work together as comrades in building the new structures of civilization. And then war shall cease, for there is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not caused the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost of all human life. Men's bodies are our women's works of art. Given to women power of control they will never carelessly throw men's bodies in to fill up the gaps in human relationships made by international ambitions and greeds. The thought would never come to women: "Cast in men's

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bodies; settle the thing so!" Arbitration and compensation would naturally occur to them as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationships.

War will pass when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and governance of modern national life; it will probably not pass away sooner; its extinction will not be delayed much longer.

When men and women are endowed with dominion as they were clothed when they came from the Creator's Hand, "equal in beauty, equal in authority" then shall war cease. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them!"

The Story of Blanche Read-Johnston

As told to Mary Morgan Dean

Blanche Read-Johnston fought and won the struggle for freedom of the streets for religious meetings—even endured imprisonment to gain her cause.

She led the first rescue work for women in Canada.

She campaigned on public platforms from coast to coast, and in all parts of the United States, in the interests of women's welfare work.

She was long and actively engaged in work for the uplift of humanity and her life story is filled with unique, thrilling and heart-touching experiences.

The story of her life is now in course of preparation. Watch for announcement of publication.

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